THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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CHARACTER *of the* ENGLISH NATION.

By N. KARAMSIN, a Ruſſian.

London, September, 1790.

THERE was a time, when, without having hardly ſeen a ſingle Engliſhman, I loved the Engliſh nation with enthuſiaſm, and conſidered England to be the moſt delightful country in the world. With what rapture did I in my early youth, read of their victories during the American war. The names of Rodney and Howe were ever on my lips; I celebrated their triumphs, and gave treats to my ſchool-fellows in honour of theſe naval heroes. To be endowed with courage, magnanimity, and every generous and manly virtue, was, in my idea, the ſame thing as being an Engliſhman. I now no longer view them at a diſtance; ſtill, however, I praiſe them—but then my praiſe is as cold as they are themſelves.

I ſhould not like to live in England; in the firſt place, on account of the gloomy, humid, unſettled climate. I know, indeed, that when our hearts are tranquil and content, we may be happy even in the wilds of Siberia; but it is no leſs certain, that a ſerene climate greatly contributes to produce a correſponding ſerenity of mind, and that gloomy weather increaſes our cares and ill-humour. Woods, parks, verdant fields, and gardens, are all excellent in England; but then every thing is covered with fogs, and with the ſmoke and exhalations of pit-coal. Seldom, very ſeldom, do the bright rays of the ſun penetrate through the denſe atmoſphere: and what is life without ſunſhine? An Italian once wrote from London to his friend in Naples: "Give my compliments to the ſun; for it is a long time ſince I had the pleaſure of ſeeing him."

The Engliſh winters are not, indeed ſo cold as our's; but then we have in Ruſſia, during the winter ſeaſon, the fineſt cleareſt days, ſuch as are ſeldom ſeen here even in ſummer. Is it to be wondered at, then, if the Engliſh bear ſome reſemblance to September?

In the ſecond place, the coldneſs of the Engliſh channel does not ſuit me. I have, indeed, heard a French emigrant ſay: "That it is a volcano covered with ſnow and ice;" but I ſtand in eager expectation—no flame, however, burſts forth, and in the mean time I periſh with cold. My Ruſſian heart delights in the ſpontaneous effuſions of a free and lively converſation; it loves the play of the eyes, rapid changes of mien, and expreſſive motions and geſticulations. The Engliſhman is for the moſt part ſilent; and even when he ſpeaks, he ſpeaks with the ſame indifference as if he were reading a book, and betrays none of thoſe quick internal emotions which, like the electric ſpark, penetrate and give a ſhock to our whole frame. He is conſidered to be a profound thinker; perhaps for no other reaſon but becauſe he ſeems to be ſo; for the examples of Bacon, Newton, Locke, Hobbes, and others, prove nothing, as men of ſuperior talents are born in every country. The whole world is the native country of genius; and Deſcartes and Leibnitz are as profound thinkers as Locke and Newton.

I very willingly allow, however, that the Engliſh are an enlightened and intelligent people. Here the mechanic reads Hume's Hiſtory of England; the ſervant maid is acquainted with Yorick's Sermons and Clariſſa; the ſhopkeeper reaſons with judgement about the commercial relations and intereſts of his country; and even the labourer converſes about Sheridan's ſpeeches. Newſpapers and journals are in the hands of every one, in the ſmalleſt villages as well as in the capital.

Fielding maintains that no other language poſſeſſes a word equivalent to the Engliſh word *humour*, which, according to his definition of it, ſignifies a combination of chearfulneſs, mirth, and wit; and thence he concludes that his countrymen poſſeſs theſe qualities in a more eminent degree than other nations. But in what is the wit of the Engliſh diſplayed? Is it, perhaps, in their caricatures—and their mirth? Is it, perhaps, in the groſs farces that are exhibited at their theatres? Chearfulneſs, in fine, I no where meet with; for even the moſt ludicrous caricatures cannot make them laugh. If, however, at any time they do happen to laugh, you would believe that they were in a fit of the hyſterics. No, no, ye haughty lords of the main, who are as gloomy as the miſts which hang over the element of your glory, leave to your rivals, the French, the playfulneſs of wit. Boaſt of the ſolidity of your underſtanding as much as you pleaſe; but give me leave to ſay, that you are deficient in the delicacy of fancy, the ſprightly agreeableneſs of imagination,

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and that lively flow of ideas, which alone can give a zeſt to converſation. Ye may be men of underſtanding, but ye are very dull and tedious companions. Far be it from me, however, to ſay the ſame thing of the Engliſh women: theſe are rendered lovely by their beauty, by the ſenſibility and tenderneſs in their eyes; but on this ſubject I have already explained my opinion in my former letters. Here I have been ſpeaking only of the men.

Generoſity and benevolence are virtues which the Engliſh are ſuppoſed to delight in; and it is certain that they ſuccour the unfortunate, when they are convinced of their being really deſerving objects. When the contrary is the caſe, they are inexorable, ſo ſenſibly does an attempt to impoſe upon them hurt their ſelf-love. They are, however, much more charitable in foreign countries than their own; as they take it for granted that in England, where diligence always meets with its reward, an honeſt induſtrious man cannot ſink into a ſtate of mendicity. Hence a proverb, which is frequently in their mouths—"He who is poor, is not deſerving of a better fate." What a ſhocking idea, which brands poverty as a crime! and how falſe! Here the poor man muſt languiſh unpitied, and conceal his indigence. In the midſt of abundance, and ſurrounded with heaps of guineas, he is doomed to feel all the tortures of a Tantalus. It ought to be remembered, that diſeaſe and old age may reduce the moſt induſtrious and honeſt man to beggary.

But the Engliſh are honeſt and brave; they are a moral people; they are fond of a domeſtic life; they pay reſpect to the claims of friendſhip, and to the ties of conſanguinity. How enviable their lot in this point of view! Their word may be depended upon, and their politeneſs and converſation is ſincere. Perhaps this is owing to the ſpirit of commerce, which teaches them to value and preſerve the good opinion and confidence of others. But with the ſtricteſt integrity, they are refined, artful, egotiſts in commerce, in politics, and in their private connections. Every thing is weighed well, and calculated before hand; and perſonal advantage is commonly the reſult. Men of a cold phlegmatical character are indeed commonly the greateſt egotiſts, for they follow the dictates of the underſtanding rather than the heart; but the underſtanding as invariably inclines towards ſelf-intereſt, as the magnetical needle points towards the north pole. "To do good without knowing why;" that is the act of our poor ſimple hearts. Mr. P——, my London acquaintance, for inſtance, calls upon me every morning, and offers his ſervices to be my guide to whatever place I may wiſh to viſit; but this kindneſs is not altogether diſintereſted, for Mr. P. is fond of ſtrolling about in the morning, and a companion is very acceptable; and beſides my ſimple queſtions and obſervations occaſionally divert him. Perhaps, too, he may be pleaſed with

my ſincere expreſſions of gratitude, for his politeneſs and attention to a ſtranger. In this manner the Engliſh are very willing to oblige others.

The Engliſh are likewiſe proud; and moſt of all, they pride themſelves upon their political conſtitution. During my ſtay I have read De Lolme with great attention. The laws are good; and to render the nation really happy, nothing is wanting but that they be properly executed. An Engliſh miniſter needs only to obſerve a few formalities preſcribed by the conſtitution, and then he may do whatever he pleaſes. With guineas and lucrative places, he eaſily gains over a majority of the members of parliament; and the few who oppoſe him make only an uſeleſs empty clamour, which generally ends in nothing. This, however, is an important circumſtance, that the miniſter muſt always be a man of eminent talents, ſo that he may be able to reply immediately, with clearneſs and energy, to the arguments advanced by his adverſaries in parliament. But of ſtill greater importance is it, that he cannot, without great danger, make a bad uſe of his power. The Engliſh are ſo well acquainted with their real intereſt, that if ever a Pitt ſhould venture to purſue meaſures diametrically oppoſite to the general good, he would certainly ſoon loſe the majority of votes in parliament—and then he would be a conjurer without his magic wand. It is not ſo much the conſtitution, then, as the enlightened ſtate of the public mind, that is the true palladium of the Engliſh. Every civil conſtitution muſt, however, neceſſarily be modified according to the character of the people for whom it is deſtined; and that which is good in England, may perhaps be unſuitable in other countries.

The Engliſh, in fine, are reproached with rudeneſs towards ſtrangers. This accuſation is not, however, ſo well founded as formerly. The polite title of French dog, with which the London populace honoured all foreigners, has for ſome time paſt been rather out of faſhion. I one day happened to be travelling in the ſtage-coach with an Engliſh farmer: when he heard that I was a foreigner, he turned towards me with a ſerious mien, and ſaid to me, "It is well to be an Engliſhman; but it is ſtill better to be a good man: Frenchman or German, if he be a good man, he is my brother." But all the Engliſh farmers have not ſuch liberal ſentiments. In general the lower claſs of Engliſhmen look upon foreigners as pitiable half-ſavages. "Let him alone, he is a foreigner!" is an exclamation one frequently hears in the ſtreets of London, pronounced with a tone that ſeems to ſay, "He is a poor contemptible creature!"

Thoſe who believe that happineſs conſiſts in riches and abundance, would be tempted ſoon to alter their opinion, if they ſaw the wealthy nabobs, who, ſurrounded with every thing that can

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miniſter to enjoyment, have no reliſh for any thing, and die long before their death. This is the Engliſh ſpleen; a moral diſeaſe, which is, however, known likewiſe in other countries, by the names of *ennui* and *tædium vitæ*. It is, however, more frequent in England than elſewhere; the principal cauſes of which are probably the moiſt foggy air, the heavy food, and want of ſufficient exerciſe. What a ſingular being is man! He complains of the cares and ſorrows with which he is oppreſſed; and when he has every thing he wiſhed for, when he is free from all care, he yawns from liſtleſſneſs and wearifomeneſs. The rich Engliſhman travels, becomes a virtuoſo, a man of taſte and a collector; launches out into every ſpecies of extravagance, marries a wife, and at laſt ſhoots himſelf—and all this merely from *ennui*. He is unhappy from a ſuperabundance of good fortune. This, however, is principally the caſe with the idle Crœſus's, whoſe fathers, or grandfathers, amaſſed princely fortunes in India. Thoſe, on the contrary, who are of an active diſpoſition, and engaged in the buſtle of commerce, are rarely attacked by the ſpleen.

Is not the ſpleen perhaps likewiſe the ſource of thoſe numberleſs oddities which would elſewhere be conſidered as ſo many ſymptoms of infanity, but which are here merely called whim? Thoſe who have loſt all reliſh for the rational pleaſures of life, begin to hunt after falſe and fantaſtical enjoyments, and endeavour to excite at leaſt aſtoniſhment by ſomething uncommon, when they no longer find it poſſible to dazzle the eyes of others, by a diſplay of their ſplendid happineſs. I could relate to you a great number of theſe whims, with accounts of which the Engliſh newſpapers and journals are filled, but we will leave to Britons the privilege of boaſting of their follies; to our comfort however we may ſay, if in England it is allowed to indulge in fooliſh whims, there is not among us any prohibition againſt being over wiſe, and the one is frequently as ridiculous as the other.

The unbounded liberty to live according to one's own fancy, and to do on every occaſion whatever one pleaſes, provided it does not militate againſt the welfare of others, produces in England a great number of original characters, and is a rich ſource for the writers of novels. The other countries of Europe reſemble regular gardens, where one tree is of the ſame ſize as the other, where the walks are all in a ſtraight line, and where every thing is laid out with the greateſt uniformity. An Engliſhman on the contrary, grows up like the oaks of the foreſt, which though all of the ſame genus or family, are diſtinguiſhed by numberleſs diſſimilitudes; and it appears to me that Fielding was not under the neceſſity of inventing the characters of the perſonages in his novels, but only drew faithful copies from nature.

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If I were desired to define the national character of the English with a single word, I should call them sullen, just as the French are called volatile, and the Italians cunning. It is pleasant enough to see England. The manners and customs of the inhabitants, the progress of cultivation, and the improvements of arts and sciences, are objects worthy the attention of the traveller; but to live in England, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse—that would be like searching for flowers in a sandy desert: this opinion agrees with that of all the foreigners, with whom I have formed an acquaintance here. I should very willingly take a second voyage to England, but I now leave it without regret.

LONDON FASHIONS *for* NOVEMBER.

Full and Walking Dress.

DRESS of plain or sprigged muslin, the front quite plain and drawn round the bosom, the sleeves short with alternate stripes of lace and muslin, the train very long and trimmed round with vandyke. A round turban of white satin ornamented with white ostrich feathers. Swansdown tippet.

A short round dress of cambric muslin. A pelice of green velvet, trimmed all round with black lace. A bonnet of the same with a green ostrich feather.

Promenade Dresses.

Plain dress of white or coloured muslin with long sleeves. A cloak of blue velvet lined with yellow silk, and trimmed all round with deep black lace. A bonnet of blue velvet, covered with lace.

A short walking dress of thick muslin. A military spencer of purple velvet, trimmed with silk cord. Purple velvet bonnet, ornamented with a white ostrich feather.

Head Dress.

1. A cap of sprigged muslin, with a piece of deep lace let in round the front; a deep lace border.

2. A close morning bonnet of black or coloured velvet.

3. A cap of white lace, with a bow of narrow white ribbon on the right side.

4. A hat of black velvet, the crown flat, with a twist of velvet and silk cord round it, the front turned up, and ornamented with black feathers.

5. A turban of white satin and crape; white ostrich feathers.

6. The military or helmet hat, made of willow and catgut, with a military feather over the crown.

7. A green velvet bonnet, the crown full, the front ſmall and turned up, a white oſtrich feather in front.

8. A hat of white ſatin, quilted all over to form diamonds; a white feather.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Cloaks have now wholly diſappeared, and given place to ſpencers of every deſcription; but the moſt faſhionable is the military ſpencer made of velvet; a few pelices have likewiſe appeared. Long ſleeves of white ſatin, embroidered or ſpangled, or of white lace, are much worn in full dreſs. The moſt favourite colours are blue, pink, green, purple and yellow.

TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION *of* LOUISIANA.

THE ſlime which the annual floods of the river Miſſiſſippi leave on the ſurface of the adjacent ſhores, may be compared with that of the Nile, which depoſits a ſimilar manure, and for many centuries paſt has inſured the fertility of Egypt. When its banks ſhall have been cultivated, as the excellency of its ſoil and temperature of the climate deſerve, its population will equal that of any other part of the world. The trade, wealth, and power of America will at ſome future period depend, and perhaps centre upon the Miſſiſſippi. This alſo reſembles the Nile in the number of its mouths, all iſſuing into a ſea, and may be compared to the Mediterranean, which is bounded on the north and ſouth by the continents of Europe and Africa, as the Mexican Bay is by North and South America. The ſmaller mouths of this river might be eaſily ſtopped up, by means of thoſe floating trees with which the river, during the floods, is always covered. The whole force of the channel being united, the only opening then left would probably grow deep as well as the bar.

To judge of the produce to be expected from the ſoil of Louiſiana, let us turn our eyes to Egypt, Arabia Felix, Perſia, India, China, and Japan, all lying in correſpondent latitudes. Of theſe, China alone has a tolerable government; and yet it muſt be acknowledged they all are, or have been, famous for their riches and fertility. When our wandering imagination ſoars to regions of wealth and terreſtrial bliſs, it delights in reſting on thoſe countries we have juſt mentioned.

Louiſiana is agreeably ſituated between the extremes of heat and cold. Its climate varies as it extends towards the north. The ſouthern parts, lying within the reach of the refreſhing breezes from the ſea, are not ſcorched like thoſe under the ſame latitudes in Africa; and its northern regions are colder than

thoſe

thoſe of Europe under the ſame parallels, with a wholeſome ſerene air, very ſimilar to the ſouth of France and Liſbon.

New Orleans, ſituated in 30 deg. 2 min. which nearly anſwers to the northern coaſt of Barbary and Egypt, enjoys the ſame temperance of climate with Marſeilles. Not quite two degrees higher, in the country of the Natchez, the climate is much more uniform and temperate than at New Orleans. And in the country of Illinois, which lies about 37 deg. the ſummer-ſeaſon is nearly the ſame as at Paris.

An objection has often been made by miſinformed men, otherwiſe of great abilities, who too credulouſly believed that the navigation of the Miſſiſſippi-river, on account of its rapid current, was more difficult than it is in reality. It appears from the calculation made by ſeveral ſkilful and experienced travellers, that in autumn when the waters are low, the current deſcends at the rate of about one and an half, or two miles in an hour; and that the waters are in this ſtate more than one half of the year.

In the ſpring, when the freſhes are up, or at their greateſt height, the current runs at the rate of five or ſix miles. It is true that the navigation would be difficult at that ſeaſon, to thoſe who ſail or row up againſt the ſtream: but there is no example of ſuch folly. When the waters of this river are high, the commodities and produce of the interior country are gathered, and prepared for exportation, with the deſcending current. And when the waters are low, the produce of the inferior country is growing to maturity. This is the time for the navigator's importation. Great advantages are likewiſe taken then from eddy currents. At preſent there are few builders ſkilful enough to conſtruct veſſels better calculated for that navigation than thoſe now uſed. Time and experience will, doubtleſs, produce improvements, and render the navigation of this river nearly as cheap as any other. But that the Miſſiſſippi can anſwer any purpoſe of trade and commerce, is proved to a demonſtration, by the rapid progreſs the French, German, and Acadian inhabitants have made on that river. They have attained a ſtate of opulence never before ſo ſoon acquired in any new country. And this was effected under all the diſcouragement of an indolent and rapacious government. It may be farther aſſerted, that no country in North America, or perhaps in the univerſe, exceeds the neighbourhood of the Miſſiſſippi in fertility of ſoil, and temperature of climate.

Both ſides of this river are truly remarkable for the very great diverſity and luxuriancy of their productions. They might probably be brought from the forwardneſs of the climate, to produce two annual crops of Indian corn, as well as rice, and with little cultivation would furniſh grain of every kind in the greateſt abundance. But this value is not confined to the fertility and immenſity of champaign lands; their timber is as fine

as any in the world, and the quantities of live and other oak, aſh, mulberry, walnut, cherry, cypreſs, and cedar, are aſtoniſhing. The neighbourhood of the Miſſiſſippi, beſides, furniſhes the richeſt fruits in great variety, particularly grapes, oranges, and lemons, in the higheſt perfection. It produces ſilk, cotton, ſaſſafras, ſaffron, and rhubarb; is peculiarly adapted for hemp and flax, and in goodneſs of tobacco equals the Brazils; indigo is, at this preſent time, a ſtaple commodity, which commonly yields the planter from three to four cuttings. In a word, whatever is rich or rare in the moſt deſirable climates in Europe, ſeems natural to ſuch a degree on the Miſſiſſippi, that France, though ſhe ſends few or no emigrants into Louiſiana but decayed ſoldiers, or perſons in indigent circumſtances—and theſe very poorly ſupplied with the implements of huſbandry—ſoon began to dread a rival in her colony, particularly in the cultivation of vines, from which ſhe prohibited the coloniſts, under a very heavy penalty; yet ſoil and ſituation triumphed over all political reſtraints, and the adventurers, at the end of the war in 1762, were very little inferior to the moſt ancient ſettlements of America in all the modern refinements of luxury.

The Miſſiſſippi furniſhes in great plenty ſeveral ſorts of fiſh, particularly perch, pike, ſturgeon, eel, &c. &c. of monſtrous ſize. Craw-fiſh abound in this country; they are in every part of the earth, and when the inhabitants chooſe a diſh of them, they ſend to their gardens, where they have a ſmall pond dug for that purpoſe, and are ſure of getting as many as they have occaſion for. A diſh of ſhrimps are as eaſily procured by hanging a ſmall canvaſs bag with a bit of meat in it to the bank of the river, and letting it drop a little below the ſurface of the water, in a few hours a ſufficient quantity will have got into the bag. Shrimps are found in the Miſſiſſippi as far as the Natchez, 348 miles from the ſea.

THE SAILOR'S MARRIAGE.

——ENTERING the only houſe of entertainment in the village, I was almoſt ſtunned with the rude and boiſterous gaiety of the company it contained. At the head of a number of peaſants, who were ſeated round a table, on which was a large bowl of punch, preſided one of Neptune's ſons, and by his ſide ſat a plump roſy-faced girl, covered with ribbons, medals, and rings. As I entered, the landlord roſe to welcome me, and I deſired him to let me have a mug of ale and ſomething to eat.

"Avaſt, there!" cried the ſailor, "and bring to—ſhiver me if any man has any thing aboard that I don't pay for. Come,

my lad, bring yourſelf to an anchor. You ſhall meſs with me to-day, by G—."

I was ſeated at the table, and compelled to drink a bumper to the health of the couple that were to be married.

" Yes," exclaimed the tar, throwing his arm round his neighbour's neck, and giving and taking a ſmack that went off as loud as a fourteen pounder; " yes, Bet and I are going to grapple: we only wait for the parſon to give the ſignal and ——"

Here he was interrupted by the clerk, who came to let them know that the clergyman was waiting for them at the church. I followed the proceſſion, and witneſſed the ſcene that enſued in the church between the parſon and the tar. Every thing being quite quiet and orderly, the parſon began, and preſently came to—

" I Richard Spirit, take thee, Elizabeth Bumfield, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worſe, for richer for poorer——" at theſe laſt words the ſailor made a dead ſtand.

" Say after me," ſaid the parſon.

" D——d if I do," cried he. " Avaſt, there——What, do you think I'm ſuch a lubber as all that comes to?"

" Well," ſaid the other, " if you don't ſay you will do this, I can't marry you."

" Well, I won't then," he replied, " for better and richer, if you will; but d— me if I've any thing to do with the poorer and worſer."

" Then we have done," ſaid the parſon;—when the ſailor very ſulkily agreed to go through the ceremony.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

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DURING theſe tranſactions, the rebels who had remained in Gorey and its neighbourhood were gradually diſperſing. A part of them retirçd to Wexford, bringing with them the priſoners who had been confined in the market-houſe of Gorey. Theſe had been ſeverely treated; they had been ſupplied with food only once in the twenty-four hours, cropped, pitch-capped, and expoſed from the windows to the inſults of the ſhouting multitudes on their march to attack Arklow. Some had been ſhot or piked to death. The maſs of remaining rebels took their ſtation on the hill of Aſk, above a mile from Gorey, on the way to Arklow. After the battle at the laſt-named town, the royal army remained ſome days cloſe within its quarters there, ſending out patroles with great caution, at firſt to a very ſmall diſtance, and afterwards gradually farther. At laſt a troop

troop of yeomen cavalry ventured ſo far on the road toward Gorey as to approach near the rebel ſtation on Aſk hill. This poſt had been ſo thinned by perpetual deſertions, that not more than about a hundred men fit for action were then remaining in it, and theſe without a leader. How very differently different men may be excited to act by their natural feelings, when under no external controul, on the ſudden appearance of danger, was forcibly ſhewn on this occaſion. About half of the rebel warriors fled with precipitation at the approach of the cavalry; while the reſt of them, ſtripping to their ſhirts, that they might be more expedite for the buſineſs, ran full ſpeed to charge the cavalry with their pikes: but the latter avoided the attack, and retreated to Arklow with expedition. Immediately after this, the country about Gorey was completely evacuated by the rebels, to the no ſmall joy of many loyaliſts families, who, by the ſudden and unexpected victory over Walpole, had been prevented from eſcaping, and on whom the enemy had been living at free quarter.

The army, at laſt, under Major-General Needham, moved from Arklow to Gorey, on the 19th of June, and thence toward Enniscorthy on the 20th, according to a concerted plan, conducted by Lieutenant-General Lake, that the great ſtation of the rebels at Vinegar-hill ſhould be ſurrounded by his Majeſty's forces, and attacked in all points at once. For this purpoſe, different armies moved at the ſame time from different quarters—one under Lieutenant-General Dundas; another under Major-Generals Sir James Duff and Loftus; that already mentioned from Arklow; and a fourth from Roſs, under Major-Generals Johnſon and Euſtace—who were to make the attack on the town of Enniscorthy. The march of the army from Roſs was a kind of ſurpriſe to the bands of Philip Roche on Lacken hill, who fled in the utmoſt confuſion, leaving their tents and a great quantity of plunder behind; and ſeparating into two bodies, one of which took its way to Wexford, the other to Vinegar-hill, where the Wexfordian inſurgents were concentrating their force.

This now famous eminence, rather infamous as a ſcene of religious butchery, had, with the town of Enniscorthy at its foot, and the country far around, been in poſſeſſion of the rebels above three weeks from the 28th of May. During all this time the face of affairs had been indeſcribably hideous. Horrors and inceſſant apprehenſions of death attended the hapleſs proteſtants who had not effected their eſcape from the devoted ground: they were every where ſeized; a few put to death where they were diſcovered, but moſt of them dragged to Vinegar-hill, where, after a ſham trial, often without any form of trial, they were ſhot, or transfixed with pikes; many laſhed, or otherwiſe barbarouſly treated, before the final execution. To ſtate with indubitable accuracy the exact number of men thus

butchered in this fatal ſpot I will not pretend to ſay; but it appears from unqueſtionable documents to have fallen little ſhort of four hundred.

The army, together with all the troops already mentioned, commanded to march from different quarters to ſurround the rebel poſt of Vinegar-hill, conſtituted in the whole amount a force of above thirteen thouſand effective men, with a formidable train of artillery. With ſuch a force the whole inſurgent army at this poſt, in which lay almoſt the whole ſtrength of the rebellion, muſt have been annihilated by ſlaughter or ſurrendry, if the plan had been well executed. The attack began at ſeven o'clock on the morning of the 21ſt, with a firing of cannon and mortars, and all the armies were in their ſeveral poſts, except that of General Needham, who arrived not at the appointed poſition till nine, when the buſineſs was over. The rebels after ſuſtaining the fire of the artillery and ſmall arms for an hour and a half, abandoned their ſtation, and fled where the paſſage lay open for them, moſt of them directing their march toward Wexford. Some hundreds were killed, who were found ſtraggling from the main body after the battle; but unfortunately almoſt all the real rebels eſcaped, and the killed were perſons who had been forced away contrary to their inclinations, and who took this opportunity of eſcaping from the rebel army, but, as they could not be diſtinguiſhed, found no mercy; ſome of them were loyal proteſtants, priſoners with the rebels. As the flight was precipitate, they left behind them a great quantity of rich plunder, together with all their cannon, amounting to thirteen in number, of which three were ſix-pounders. The loſs on the ſide of the king's forces was very inconſiderable, though one officer, Lieutenant Sandys of the Longford militia, was killed, and four others ſlightly wounded, Colonel King of the Sligo regiment, Colonel Veſey of the county of Dublin regiment, Lord Blaney, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cole.

The town of Wexford was relieved on the ſame day with Enniſcorthy. Brigadier-General Moore, according to a plan formed by General Lake, having made a movement toward that quarter from the ſide of Roſs, on the 19th, with a body of twelve hundred troops, furniſhed with artillery; and having directed his march to Taghmon, in his intended way to Enniſcorthy, on the 20th, was, on his way thither, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, attacked by a large force of the enemy from Wexford, perhaps five or ſix thouſand, near a place called Goff's bridge, not far from Horetown. After an action, which continued till near eight, the rebels were repulſed with conſiderable ſlaughter, not without ſome loſs on the other ſide, though the only two officers mortally wounded were Major Daniel and Lieutenant Green. This engagement, fought in looſe array, or in ſcattered parties, over a wide extent of ground,

was,

was, if I have not miſconceived it, on a compariſon of ſeveral accounts from ſpectators of the ſcene, the beſt fought battle of the croppy war, with reſpect to manœuvres of the field on both ſides.

Joined by two regiments under Lord Dalhouſie, the army took poſt on the field of battle; and on the morning of the 21ſt was proceeding to Taghmon, when Captain M'Manus, of the Antrim, and Lieutenant Hay, of the North Cork militia, who had been priſoners with the rebels, arrived with propoſals from the inhabitants of Wexford to ſurrender the town, and to return to their allegiance, provided that their lives and properties ſhould be guaranteed by the commanding officer. To theſe propoſals, which were forwarded to his ſuperior commander, no anſwer was returned by General Moore; but, inſtead of proceeding to Taghmon, he immediately directed his march to Wexford, and ſtationed his army within a mile of that town.

The loyaliſts of Wexford, like thoſe of Enniſcorthy, had, ſince the place had fallen into the hands of the inſurgents, been in a ſtate of woe and inceſſant fear. Of a vaſt number of proteſtants aſſembled in this place, inhabitants of the town, and refugees and priſoners from ſeveral parts of the country, two hundred and ſixty were confined in the gaol, and other places of impriſonment; the reſt were priſoners in their houſes, under perpetual apprehenſions of being ſhot, piked, or ſtarved to death. Among the latter, was the Rev. John Elgee, rector of Wexford, whoſe life was ſaved by the gratitude of ſome of the loweſt of the people, for the Chriſtian charity which he had on all occaſions manifeſted to unfortunate wretches committed to the public priſon. The Rev. William Eaſtwood, rector of Killan, who was fully entitled to the ſame gratitude on the ſame account, had the good fortune to eſcape to Wales without hazarding a trial of this virtue in the rebels. Great numbers were ſaved by the humane endeavours of the chiefs, whoſe influence, though very far from controuling the furious rabble in all caſes, had ſo far an effect as to prevent the maſſacres of Wexford (which were, however, horribly atrocious) from equalling in extent thoſe of Enniſcorthy. The chiefs themſelves, particularly thoſe few among them who had been educated in the proteſtant religion, were in perpetual danger of death, or violence at leaſt, from the ungovernable multitude, whom they had unwiſely hoped to command.

(To be continued.)

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Temple corps at the review on Friday October 29, 1803, was inſpected by the earl of Harrington. As he rode along

along the line, before the review, his lordſhip ſtopped to ſalute its commander, and jocoſely ſaid, "This is the *law aſſociation*, Sir?"—Yes, my Lord." To which the Earl rejoined, "I don't find any one that ſpeaks a word; I never knew lawyers ſo *ſilent!*" Colonel Erſkine ſmiling, replied, "We have *no pay*, my Lord." The peer was ſatisfied, and proceeded on his tour.

Remarks on the Probability of the French being able to make a ſucceſsful Landing in this Country.

THE government and the people of this country are ſtill vigilant in preparations to reſiſt the invaſion threatened from France, and in endeavours to prevent it. All thoſe meaſures of defence, to which parliament gave its ſanction in the laſt ſeſſion have been carried into effect as completely as was poſſible within the ſpace of time that has ſince paſſed. The troops of the line have been induſtriouſly recruited, and with great ſucceſs. The militia and the ſupplementary militia were called out, and have been out on actual duty; the troops of the army of reſerve have been, with great expedition, levied. The neceſſity of calling out the army of defence has been almoſt every where anticipated by the zeal with which perſons of all ranks and ages have offered themſelves to ſerve as volunteers. Theſe ſteps were taken ſome time ſince.

The new troops have been now ſo long raiſed, and have been inſtructed with ſuch diligence in the proper manual exerciſes, evolutions, and habits of diſcipline, that they are no longer raw recruits, but an effective force, in whom confidence for the defence of their country may be freely placed. The volunteers who, ſix weeks or two months ſince, were ſtrong only in patriotic zeal, and in alacrity to fight for the independence of their native land, now form brigades of diſciplined troops, who would not turn their backs on equal numbers out of any army in the world. In the courſe of the laſt month, the whole of the new troops throughout theſe kingdoms, have made the moſt ſignal improvement in the neceſſary exerciſes. That invaſion, which ſix weeks ſince might have taken us unprepared, is now, in compariſon, little formidable, becauſe it would find us an armed nation, a nation of ſoldiers, impatient to prove their courage on the heads of any hoſt of inſolent enemies. A military force in troops of different ſpecies, ſcarcely leſs than half a million, leaves us no reaſon to dread that our country will be over-run by invaders for want of ſoldiers to defend it.

The diſtribution of this force is at the ſame time ſuch as to render it the moſt effective for the defence of the kingdom. Encampments along the coaſt; garriſons in the proper garriſon

towns; provisions for the immediate concentering of a great strength upon any one of those points on which the improbability is the smallest, that an enemy could effect a descent; the fortification of certain positions immediately on the shore, which might be before too weak in proportion to their importance; the maintenance, at the same time, of a sufficient number of troops in the interior parts of the country, to be a grand reserve, if any misfortune were to befall those which are upon the coast; and in particular, the care that is used to preserve the health of the troops, to set approved generals at their head, to provide ample supplies of provisions, ammunition, and other stores, to watch every movement and preparation of the enemy; appear to have satisfied the country in the fullest manner, that the general spirit and energies are not in danger of being idly wasted under the direction of our present government. The volunteers hold themselves in readiness, not merely for such service as may perchance be required in the places to which they respectively belong, but to resist an enemy wherever the necessities of the public defence shall, within the island, demand. Every where the troops hold themselves in readiness, as if the landing of an enemy were hourly expected. And it is this vigilance which gives confidence to the country; since in this we know that we are safe.

The metropolis is undoubtedly the grand prize, to the seizure of which a well-directed invasion would be aimed. For this reason, those landing-places are more especially guarded from which an enemy might the most easily advance against London. And every fit position between London and the nearest shores has been made, more or less, a military post. At Hythe, there are 8,000 troops in barracks; and the other towns, in a similar situation, are in a like manner protected by a large military force.

At Edinburgh, orders were lately issued, that the bakers who, in that town, act also as corn and flour-merchants, should immediately have in readiness 8,000 bolls of flour for the use of the troops in that quarter, in the case of those movements which must insue upon the descent of an invader. The farmers of that neighbourhood were, at the same time, required to provide 2,000 bolls of oatmeal.

ACCOUNT *of a recent* ÆRIAL VOYAGE.

Venice, October 14, 1803.

COUNT FRANCIS ZAMBECCARI, of Bologna, Doctor Graffetti, of Rome, and M. Pasqual, of Ancona, had prepared a very large air balloon, which on Friday the 7th of October, they filled in the city of Bologna. The filling proceeded

ceeded very ſlowly, and it was not full till about midnight, and the above-mentioned gentlemen propoſed to defer their aſcent till the next day; but the impatience and clamour of the people of Bologna obliged them to aſcend about three quarters after midnight. They, however, reſolved to come down again as ſoon as poſſible. The balloon being ſet at liberty, roſe with prodigious velocity, and ſoon attained ſuch a height, that Count Zambeccari and Doctor Graſſetti, benumbed with cold, which at firſt produced an inclination to vomit, ſunk into a kind of inſenſibility and a deep ſleep.

" M. Andreoli, who alone was awake and in poſſeſſion of his ſenſes, could not aſcertain the height to which they had aſcended by the barometer, becauſe the wax light they had carried with them in a lanthorn was gone out. About half paſt two in the morning, the balloon began to deſcend, and M. Andreoli diſtinctly heard the daſhing of the waves of the Adriatic Sea on the coaſt of Romagna. He then awakened his companions, and endeavoured to procure a light by means of phoſphoric matches, but did not ſucceed. He at length obtained one by uſing tinder in the common manner. Soon after the balloon, with the car that was faſtened to it, fell into the Adriatic Sea, and with ſo much force that the water daſhed over them above the height of a man. The æronauts, drenched with ſea-water, benumbed with cold, and in fear of immediate deſtruction, threw out a bag of ſand, all their inſtruments, and every thing they had with them; after which the balloon roſe a ſecond time with extreme rapidity. They paſſed through three ranges of clouds one above the other, their clothes were covered with a hoar froſt, and, on account of the rarity of the air in which they were when they had aſcended above the clouds, they could ſcarcely hear each other ſpeak. The moon ſhone on the clouds below them, and appeared of a blood-red colour. Some time after three, the balloon again deſcended, though very ſlowly, and a briſk ſouth-weſt wind drove it over the Adriatic Sea towards the coaſt of Iſtria. The car frequently touched the water, and for five hours the adventurers were in momentary danger of death.

At length, on Saturday morning about eight o'clock, they were taken up, and reſcued from the perilous ſituation in which they were by the *manſara* (a kind of large bark) of Antony Bazol, about ten Italian miles from the harbour of Veruda, in Iſtria. The balloon being given to the wind, flew over the mountain Oſſero, and probably went into Dalmatia. The aeronauts came in the ſame ſhip, with their hands and feet entirely benumbed with cold, to Pola, a port in Iſtria, where they remained four days to recover from their fatigue. To-day, about eight in the morning, they arrived in Venice, and gave the above account of their adventures. Their aerial voyage from the

coaſt of Romagna to Iſtria, is a diſtance of 20 German miles (about 120 Engliſh). Had it not been for the brave ſeaman Antony Bazol, who very ably ſteered his ſhip to ſave them, they would, no doubt, have been buried in the waves. They were received here with the utmoſt hoſpitality, and do not appear to have any deſire to make another ærial excurſion at midnight.

On the DISCOVERY *of* COPPER-PLATES.

THE credit of having given riſe to this elegant and uſeful art has been contended for by different countries, and their various pretenſions have been weighed and conſidered by many authors. It is, however, generally agreed, that it aroſe with the goldſmiths, and was afterwards adopted by the painters. The union of theſe two profeſſions has thus produced a third, which has riſen to conſiderable importance. The Germans, who have diſputed with the Italians the honour of the invention, with the greateſt degree of probability, have not, in point of fact, controverted the narrative given by the Italians of the riſe of the art, nor brought forward any account of their own, but have ſimply endeavoured to ſhew that it was practiſed in Germany at an earlier period. Mr. Heincken aſſerts, that the earlieſt prints engraved in Italy, that bear a date, are the maps to the edition of Ptolemy, printed at Rome, in 1478; the earlieſt picturesque repreſentations, thoſe prefixed to ſome of the cantos of Dante, 1482. But he conjectures that it had its riſe in Germany about the year 1440.

The diſcovery is attributed by Italians to Maſo or Tomaſo Finiquerra, a goldſmith, of Florence, who being accuſtomed to engrave on different metals for the purpoſe of inlaying them, occaſionally tried the effects of his work by taking off impreſſions, firſt on ſulphur, and afterwards on paper, by means of a roller, in ſuch a manner, that the figures ſeemed to have been traced with a pen. It does not appear that Finequerra ever applied this invention to any other purpoſe than that of aſcertaining the progreſs of his work, nor have the reſearches of the moſt diligent enquirers diſcovered a ſingle print that can, with any degree of probability, be attributed to him.

Anſwer, by R. Berry, Schoolmaſter, Southmolton, to P. Gove's Queſtion, inſerted Auguſt 29.

FIRST (per Vyſe's Arithmetic, page 315, queſtion 3), 14×14×14=2744×.5236=14367584 ſolid inches. Then 14367584×, 2580647=370.776lb. the weight of the ſhot.

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to R. Horſey's Charade, inſerted September 26.

THE ANTELOPE the traveller oft deſcries
On Afric's ſhore, where lofty mountains riſe.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Row, of Wellington; W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's ſchool, Everſhot; T. Rouſell, of Lopen; Paul Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Seaward, of Ottery; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; Walter Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; R. Holwell, of Exeter; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; and E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.

Anſwer, by W. Seaward, of Ottery, to Recluſe's Enigma, inſerted September 26.

WHEN I at night retire to reſt,
And all things are obſcure,
I LOCK and bolt my door at leaſt,
To keep myſelf ſecure.

*** We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Channon, of Ottery; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; William Gifford, of South Petherton; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; R. Holwell, of Exeter; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; and W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's ſchool, Everſhot.

A CHARADE, *by R. Holwell, of Exeter.*

VIEW the immenſe, the boundleſs ſpace,
That parteth land from land,
And there my firſt you'll ſurely trace,
By men for ever ſcann'd.
Fall not into my ſecond's ſnares,
Nor let him you deceive,
For while perhaps he ſ'en ſheds tears,
He lies—to don't believe.

My whole, ye youths, in plenty's ſeen
On Devon's coaſt, where oft I've been.

A CHARADE, *by J. French, of St. Auſtle.*

THE man that is by malice led,
A ſtranger is to ſenſe;
And on the liſt of paſſions dire
Is ſtamp'd by ignorance.

His motives like my firſt appears;
Can no true honour bring;
Void of my ſecond to ſubdue
The "foe that lurks within."

The path of pure, celeſtial good
To him affords no joy;
But, like an arrow ſharp, his tongue
To ſlander or deſtroy.

My whole, the ſummit of true worth
He never can attain;
Virtue's compaſſion him ſurrounds,
And ſneers of ſcornful men.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

AN AUTUMNAL EXCURSION.

ONCE more farewell the town. The lofty mount
I ſeek, where fail the freſheſt airs of morn.
Welcome ye breezes! hail ye freſh'ning gales!
That bearing not upon your wings the ſcud
Of fœtid haunts, fluſh e'en the yellow cheek
Of ſad diſeaſe with pure returning health.

From this high ſtand, when ſummer reign'd, I lov'd
To view the intereſting proſpects round:
And ſtretch'd at eaſe to liſten to the lay
Of riſen lark (the fav'rite child of morn),
Who pour'd unſeen, ere Phœbus ſhot his beam
Lucid and ſtrong, from ev'ry od'rous herb
Sucking the dewy pearl, his matchleſs ſong.
Now wildly beats the gale that, raving loud,
Thro' the forſaken foreſt, down the pride
Shakes of the leafy glades: the views immenſe
Of flow'ry lands, and well-crown'd crops, and vales
Irriguous, ſmiling to the hills above,
Rich cultivated tracks that now appear
Stripp'd of their charms, I often gaz'd upon
Enraptur'd, as around the village hill
Merrily wafted by the ev'ning breeze,
The bells of yonder fane rang on their peal.

What beauteous colours now the "wind-ſwept groves"
Tinge, as the vaſt variety of hues
The eye tranſported marks: while down the hill,
Or o'er the lawn, or clothing red the cliff,
Autumn whirls wide the lately waving ſea
Of leaves, in nature's brighteſt green array'd.
Far off the ſummer birds are flown, to climes
More genial, taught by inſtinct, on they urge
In air their ſtrict undeviating courſe.
The cold chill'd lark pours forth his ſong no more:
And ſhiv'ring to the blaſt, from twig to twig
Hop the mute tenantry of yonder grove,
A cheerleſs, ſolitary throng: the morning now
In vain demands the woodland harmony.
One pretty warbler only from the ridge
(His choſen ſtation) of the peaſant's cot,
At eve and morn, continues ſtill to ſing.
He, when the winds ſcowl fiercely o'er the moor,
Where vegetation ſcarcely to its courſe
Lifts one oppoſing ſolitary blade,
All danger waving, ſeeks the fire-warm'd hearth,
Begging from charitable hands the crumbs
Their ample table yields, his ſcant ſupply
Thro' many a bleak, inhoſpitable month.

The winter haſt'ning, from the mighty north,
Shall teach the peaſant to his homely hut

The

The pond'rous faggot ſoon to bend: his aid
A ſhiv'ring family demand, when drives
Around their walls of mud the pelting ſtorm;
And as on high (to them a luxury)
The ruſtic conſtellation ſhoots its blaze,
Oft from the merry croud the harmleſs joke
Shall bring the pealing laughter. Happy few!
Strangers to all the cares that pamper'd vice
Heaps on its votaries, your hours roll on
Serenely, winged with the pureſt joy:
And on your heads CONTENT for ever pours
The choiceſt gifts her bounteous hand can give.

Plymouth-Dock. N. T. CARRINGTON.

ODE *to* SOLITUDE.

By HENRY KIRKE WHITE, *of Nottingham.*

SWEET ſoother of the woe-worn breaſt,
Relieve my ſoul by grief oppreſs'd,
Now tow'ring proſpects fade.
With thee at midnight hour I'll ſtray,
When night's ſweet orb ſhall cheer my way,
And ſilver o'er each glade.

There lingering near ſome murmuring ſtream,
I'll oft indulge ſweet fancy's dream,
And ſoothe my anxious breaſt:
Whilſt the ſweet plaintive birds of night,
Inſtil a pleaſing calm delight,
A welcome, lovely gueſt.

Whilſt nature's noiſe is loſt in ſleep,
And nought diſturbs the unruffled deep,
I'll give my ſoul to thee.
No worldly cares ſhall intervene,
Nor ought diſturb the tranquil ſcene,
But Philomel and me.

Thus oft I'll court thy lov'd controul,
Thro' paths that ne'er were trod;
'Till joys ecſtatic fill my ſoul,
And raiſe my thoughts to God.

ADDRESS *to* LAURA.

CAN the harmoniz'd tints which the rainbow adorn
The complexion of Laura outvie,
Or the dew-drop, enrich'd by the bluſhes of morn,
The luſtre that melts in her eye?

Can the golden light ſhed when the ſun's dying gleams
The cup of the tulip illume,
Excel the ſoft radiance that o'er her face beams,
When a roſy ſmile heightens its bloom?

Ah! no; all that nature or art can combine;
Is ſurpaſs'd by the blaze of her charms;
And far above others that mortal will ſhine
That enfolds this proud prize in his arms.

I envy not canopied monarchs their throne,
Their ſceptre and glittering train;
But I envy the man that calls Laura his own,
Tho' a cottage be all his domain.